

was a very honest, charitable and good Man, yet he was not altogether so wise or prudent, as one would expect a Man to be who lived in *London* and knew the World; for he was very fond of Horses, continually went to *Barnet*, *Epsom*, and other Races, and kept two Race-Horses himself, which ran away with half the Profits of his Trade.



These are pretty Creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradesman. They were kept at great Expence, turned his Thoughts from Business, and led him into Schemes of Betting and Gaming, which were scandalous. At the Time that he was so taken up

up with his Horses, he had the Luck to have a Servant in his House who was honest; which *Toby* discovered, and told to his Master about it, but in vain. In his Hand, and without putting any Money in the Letter. Enquiry was made, and Money and Goods were missing. Upon this all the Servants were examined, and as he was a Boy, and thought himself able of defending himself, the Thief was taken in a Robbery on him. Mr. Goodwill, in that Consideration which is usual on these Occasions, ordered him to pack up his Things, and go to his Business. Yes, Sir, says *Toby*, I will first hear me. I know that you are defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my Duty as you was my Master, to inform you. I wrote you a Letter, Sir, in your own Hand and without a Name, which was put at *Newmarket*; but at the Close of your Letter you will find a private Note, which you may know it to be mine. I should not have done this, Sir, if I was guilty of the Robbery. No, Sir, I have been a Father to me, and